

# The Icelandic Canadian

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## Editorial

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### Two Welcome Innovations

The day was as fine as one of those June days over which the poets wax so lyrical. True, there was some rain in the early morning, and the skies continued threatening until mid-morning. Then the weatherman, as if suddenly recalling that this was the day on which the Icelanders were to assemble for their annual celebration at Gimli, rolled the clouds away and left the sun unchallenged lord of a clear, blue sky.

There was a record attendance when we consider that in this sixth year of war travel has become somewhat difficult, that farmers have as much work as ever and less help, and that large numbers of our young men and women were away on active service. This large attendance shows that the institution is extremely popular with the Icelanders and has its roots deep in their hearts. Furthermore, it is worth noting that this was the fifty-sixth annual celebration, and that it was acclaimed as one of the very best.

The committee responsible for the necessary preparations deserve the warmest thanks and congratulations of all who enjoyed the entertainment provided. Their work was well done. Too often the members of such committees are forgotten and their efforts just taken for granted. In fact, they consider themselves fortunate if they escape censure for some petty oversight, real or fancied.

The formal part of the celebration or program, differed in some respects from the usual procedure. It has been the rule rather than the exception to allow the program to be drawn out beyond a reasonable time. This has been the

commonest complaint heard in the past. Usually, the gathering is honored by the presence of guests who politically or otherwise are in the public eye. To invite these persons to take a seat on the platform is an act of courtesy; but to suggest that each "should say a few words" is a doubtful kindness to them and to the audience. These guests have not come to speak; and as for the audience, many of them must be on their way home by a set time and have planned their day accordingly.

Mr. G. F. Jonasson, the chairman this year, while observing the amenities, adhered strictly to the program as published. No one appeared offended; on the contrary, the rank and file were highly pleased. By the middle of the afternoon, they still had time for some visiting, for renewing acquaintances, and for enjoying the scenic spots and hospitality of Gimli. This should become the regular procedure in the future.

The toast to Canada was given by Dr. Thorlakson in English. This was another innovation. No doubt it caused some surprise, particularly among the older people; but there are good reasons for making it a permanent feature of the program. The festival is always attended by a number of English speaking people who thus demonstrate their friendship for their Icelandic compatriots and their interest in their doings. It seems only a courteous gesture that the toast to Canada be given in English so that these visitors may have some idea of the thoughts and sentiments which are uppermost in the minds of the Icelandic speakers on this day of days.

Then, again, many of our younger people cannot follow Icelandic speeches

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easily. In fact, some do not understand them at all. Yet the day is coming when among them must be found the men and women who will assume responsibility for carrying on these celebrations in the future. It seems good sense to change the program in accordance with the changing years, so that our native Icelanders will not feel that they are being excluded from an important part of the proceedings, and that the day is only for the older folks. Also, the committee in charge will have a much wider field from which to select a speaker if they avail them-

selves of those who though hesitant about speaking in Icelandic could be persuaded to speak in English. It appears, therefore, that this change is for the better and should be adopted by future committees.

Yes, the day was a great success. Many thanks to the people who worked so hard to make it so; many thanks to those who took part in the day's program. The people who attended will remember this year's entertainment as one of the great treats of their lives.

—J. G. J.

## *To Canada*

By P. H. T. THORLAKSON, M. D.

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"O Canada, our home and native land!  
True patriot love in all thy sons command.

With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The true north strong and free  
And stand on guard, O Canada, we  
stand on guard for thee."

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

With these words, Ladies and Gentlemen, we profess and pledge our first and deepest loyalty. The Canadian National Anthem, which we sang with such enthusiasm, therefore served as a fitting introduction to this day's programme. The greatest service that we as individuals and as a group can render to the country of our origin is to be true and loyal citizens of Canada. We must win the respect and deserve the confidence of our fellow Canadians. This is the first cardinal principle of good citizenship. There is, for us, no conflict of loyalties, for let us all remember that we are not only *in* this land, we are *of* this land—it is ours! It belongs to us as Canadians and we must share in full measure all its heavy responsi-

bilities. I feel that I am not indulging in fulsome flattery nor overstatement when I say, in all humility, that no one has worked harder, nor been more willing to accept the burdens, nor been happier in living here, nor appreciated more fully the many opportunities that Canada offers, than have we, the sons and daughters of Iceland.

Sir James Barrie, a great Scottish writer has said that three things never come back to a man: the spoken word, a second chance and the lost opportunity. Perhaps we have not always availed ourselves fully of all the opportunities we had. Nevertheless, in positions of national importance, in civil, municipal and federal affairs, our people have made a modest contribution. To the church of Canada, to the state, to the professions and to commerce, men of our race have given their best and by so doing Canada has profitted by their assistance. Canada expects and deserves our best efforts. No less should be asked of any man worthy of citizenship in his country.

For us, who are gathered here today

An address delivered at the annual Icelandic Celebration held at Gimli, Man., on August 6th, 1945.

on this historic townsite, this is a day of commemoration and rejoicing. We pay tribute to the land of our forefathers, that small Island in the stormy north Atlantic, peopled in the process of migration by the very kith and kin of all the people that live in the lands which border the North Sea. On this Island, in the year 930 A.D., was founded the Icelandic Althing, acknowledged by Lord Stanley to be the Grandmother of Parliaments when he spoke on behalf of the people of Great Britain in 1930 at that historic celebration. We also honour the memory of the men and women from that Island, who came to this land and braved a wilderness three-quarters of a century ago to make their contribution to the building of a nation. Amongst them were men and women of great courage and strength of character. We marvel at their fortitude and their resourcefulness. They withstood bitter disappointments and the ravages of epidemic diseases, but held fast to their purpose. We admire their abiding love and reverence for their Motherland with its rich heritage of culture and literature. By traditions, by training and by temperament, they were well fitted to accept the serious responsibilities of full citizenship in this new Land of Promise—Canada.

While we are proud of our Icelandic ancestry and cultural heritage, our first loyalty is to Canada and to the British Crown. Witness the fact that the sons and daughters of these pioneers have served this country with steadfast loyalty in times of peace and in times of war. Within our living memory, this country has gone forth twice to wage war against the forces of oppression in order that the institution of free government by a free people would not perish from the earth. And as our forefathers never faltered to share dangers and hardships for an ideal, so now the young men and women of our race have gone forth voluntarily in large numbers to serve this country in two wars.

The Icelandic people on this contin-

ent have in many ways and on many occasions acknowledged the debt that we owe to the country of our origin. We have extolled the courage, the vision and steadfastness of the pioneers both in poetry and in prose. But we have yet to acknowledge adequately the services and sacrifices of our young men and women who, in common with Canadian youth in general, have so valiantly played their part to safeguard for us the British democratic system of government that we enjoy here in Canada. They have fought and died for a cause that preserves the rights and privileges of the individual citizen before the law and perpetuates for posterity freedom of thought, religion, speech, and individual initiative and enterprise. A free voice to speak, freedom of worship, all the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter are ours here to admire, to enjoy and to maintain; and if Kipling is right when he says:

"If blood be the price of sacrifice,

Lord God we have paid it fair," then have not our young men and women of all national groups earned full citizenship in Canada as their rightful heritage? In our pride, but with humble reverence, and with hearts that are heavy, let us now and always pay tribute to and remember those of **our race** who have paid the supreme sacrifice and are so numbered amongst the elect of men.

The time has now arrived for us to consider seriously not only the loss and sacrifices of our own Canadian people but of at least fifty million other people who are numbered amongst the casualties of this war.

Never in the whole history of the human race have events shaped themselves into such momentous confusion as at the present time. These are indeed perilous days! Europe has just been freed from bondage, but tremendous strides have yet to be made, gigantic things to be accomplished. A ruthless and barbaric foe is not yet vanquished. To many in Europe and in other lands, the future does not look too bright.

There is danger that we may not yet have profited sufficiently by the experiences which produced past wars. Destructive science with its inconceivable power for evil has become so potent and so universal that another global war might mean the annihilation of cities and nations and the retardation of human progress for centuries. The mass production of one weapon alone—the rocket bomb—means that terror and indescribable destruction could be unleashed to suit the whim and caprice of any maniac possessing power and authority. Therefore, unless the control of science and of power is greater than the urge and ability to wage war, then another world wide conflict with its horribly tragic consequences may be upon us. This sobering fact must be understood and recognized if we are to participate in meeting the great challenge of our day.

Out of the mist of doubt and despair that beclouds our horizon there emerges, however, a ray of sunshine. Several lights appear and the brightest of these which gives the greatest promise and hope for the future, comes from the recent conference of forty-six nations held at San Francisco. There we have seen a magnificent example of co-operative effort. By joining together in united effort for world stability and peace, they have become a great force for good in this world. The success of this conference reminds us of the well-known but oft forgotten truism, that "Peace hath its victories, no less renowned than War."

In world peace efforts, Canada and her statesmen hold a key position. As a result of her magnificent contribution to the winning of both world wars, her membership in the British Commonwealth of Nations, her proximity to the United States of America, in fact, being one of the United Countries of the Americas, and by the fact that she is the fourth largest industrial nation in the world, we as Canadians, have an opportunity to share largely in the creation of a just and enduring peace.

Never have the citizens of this country

faced the future with more determination to be worthy of our heritage and to meet the new responsibilities, which are larger by far and more complex than Canada has ever known before, than in this year of 1945. Seventy-eight years have elapsed since the Confederation of the then widely separated Provinces of Canada. We have gone a long way on the road to nationhood since the first meeting in Prince Edward Island was called to sign the Confederation pact in 1867. Down through the years there have been many trials and tribulations. In the first world war 60,000 Canadian dead were left in Flanders Fields. In this war another 40,000 Canadian dead and missing have been added. In a nation of twelve million people this, you must admit, represents a staggering loss, intensified by the fact that it represents the heroes of our Canadian homeland: the young, the brave and fair. But in the fire of sacrifice the people of this country have forged a fixed determination that such tragedy and wanton destruction shall never happen again. And even as Canadians have been united in their effort and in their co-operation with other nations in this time of overwhelming emergency, so must we preserve unity in our efforts for peace and world order. This is the need of the hour: unity within the nation. And added to this is the hope and promise that comes from the recent World Security Conference: international collaboration and co-operation.

True, we are citizens of Canada first. But now, more than ever before, we must broaden our outlook to include international affairs and the welfare and prosperity and contentment of other peoples. The citizens of other lands are no longer foreigners. They are our neighbors. Distance no longer affords protection from assault nor immunity from the misfortunes of other people nor from the spread of epidemic disease. We may have reached the limits in the use of explosives in offensive warfare but the possibilities of bacterial warfare



have, fortunately, not been exploited nor applied. Our strongest defence is a good neighbour policy which must be extended to include the people of both hemispheres. However, the implementation of a good neighbour policy must, with us, start at home here in Canada.

For Canada this must be the dawn of a new day. Today, August 6th 1945, marks the opening of a Dominion-Provincial Conference which may result in the re-confederation of the Canadian Provinces. Our leaders have another opportunity to demonstrate that they have vision, faith in Canada as a nation, and faith in their fellow-Canadians. There is the fear that some of the representatives may limit their vision to the borders of their respective Provinces and thereby sow seeds of disunity and discord. But no—these men must act in the interests of all Canad-

ians. This we will expect and demand. As trade and ideas flow from Province to Province across this wide Dominion, so must the results and benefits of Canadian initiative and enterprise be distributed equitably and fairly in order that a decent standard of living and social services may be provided for all Canadians.

The eyes of Canada are today focused on the Ottawa Dominion-Provincial Conference. May our representatives and leaders measure up to their heavy responsibilities. May we, as Canadians, continue to deserve and enjoy the hard won victories of democracy. May Canadians have the courage and ability to weld a strong, progressive and united nation in order that we may continue to sing with pride and joy in our hearts—"O Canada, our home and native land."

## *About Ourselves*

By SVANHVIT JOSIE



We Icelandic Canadians are generally aware that we are being gradually assimilated into the future Canadian nation. We know that there has been little immigration to Canada from Iceland since the turn of the century and that the death of each of the first generation immigrants among us leaves a void that is unlikely to be filled. Even a casual glance at the accounts of the weddings of people of our race in this country shows us that the process of assimilation is accelerating rapidly. It is not intended to infer that this is a bad state of affairs. Our ancestors came to Canada to make their homes here, understanding full well that only by contributing as much as they could to Canada as well as benefitting by the many advantages of a young country could they expect to build the foundation for a satisfying future for their children. Although we appreciate the cultural advantage of familiarity with a second

language, especially the one which is the key to the old Norse literature, we do face the fact that within a very few decades it is likely that little or no Icelandic will be spoken in Canada outside of a few rural areas which are likely to maintain their Icelandic identity longer than is possible with the inevitable intermingling of races in the cities and larger towns.

It may be of interest to take stock of the situation as it is now. A study of the information gathered in the 1941 Census of Canada shows the present position, and one is led to compare that with what the earlier censuses reveal. Previous to 1901 no separate count was made of the native born Icelanders. They were included with the Swedish group. At the earliest count, then, persons resident in Canada in 1901 who were born in Iceland numbered 6,057. Ten years later they had increased to 7,109 which was the peak since the

turn of the century. Every ten years since 1911 the number of Canadians born in Iceland has shown a decided decrease, the drop in numbers growing with each succeeding decade, until in 1941 there were only 4,425 persons in Canada who gave Iceland as their birthplace. As the original immigrants are now in large numbers reaching the end of their lifespan, this fall in numbers is likely to accelerate very much in the next few years, so unless there is an unexpected immigration of Icelanders it is reasonable to expect that the census of 1961 will show few or none who were born in Iceland.

Why is it not likely that we will have Icelandic immigrants in large numbers again? The difficult conditions which brought our parents to America have largely disappeared in Iceland. True, the war has increased the contact of Iceland with the rest of the world, and will probably result in some movement of population. But it has also added to Iceland's prosperity which should help keep the people at home. The nation is so small that no doubt every effort will be made to discourage emigration. During the past decade the number of Icelanders who have emigrated to Canada has been very small. In the years 1932 to 1940 only 36 came,—an average of four per year. Just twice as many (72) persons of Icelandic racial origin were admitted to Canada in the same period. The difference is largely accounted for by movement of people from the United States to Canada.

Although Canadians born in Iceland are gradually dying out, that is not true of persons of Icelandic origin. Up to 1921 they were not counted separately but were included in the Scandinavian group. But from 1921 when we numbered 15,876, each succeeding census has shown a substantial increase in our number. There were in Canada 19,382 Canadians of Icelandic origin in 1931. By 1941 number had grown to 21,050. As racial origin is traced through the father, the children born each year to

families with both parents Icelandic or the father Icelandic are added to the present group of persons of Icelandic origin. The large number of Icelandic girls who marry outside of their own group have children who are not included in the census as of Icelandic racial origin. However, whether or not they marry Icelandic men, the girls cannot add to the group of Icelandic racial origin as the Icelandic men they would marry presumably marry other girls if not them, and their children are of Icelandic origin regardless of their maternal ancestry.

In 1941, 15,510 Icelandic Canadians gave Icelandic as their mother tongue, that is the first language they had learned in childhood and still understood. Almost 12,000 of us live in rural areas and about 9,000 in urban centres. We are therefore more "rural" than the Canadian average, as the population of Canada is now over 50 percent urban. One would expect a considerably larger percentage of the rural people of Icelandic origin to give Icelandic as their mother tongue than of the city folks. Such is the case.

It is not necessary to state that an overwhelming proportion of the Icelandic Canadians make their homes in Manitoba,—about two-thirds of the total. Saskatchewan accounts for about three and a half thousand and the other two western provinces together have about 2,500 Icelandic Canadians. The remaining five provinces together with the Yukon and the North West Territories have less than 1,000 persons of Icelandic origin. There is a small sprinkling everywhere except in Prince Edward Island where we are not represented at all. Icelandic Canadians make their homes in every Canadian metropolitan centre except Saint John, New Brunswick. Winnipeg has 4,449. There are 773 in Vancouver and over 100 in each of Toronto and Victoria. The groups in the other centres vary from seven in Windsor to 45 in Ottawa.

## *V. J. Day and the Atomic Bomb*



V. J. Day has come and gone. It came with a suddenness very few if any expected. Three months before, on V. E. Day, no one imagined that the unconditional surrender of Japan would follow so soon.

But with V. J. Day, or rather a few days before, something else came—the atomic bomb. Military victory over Japan would have been achieved without this, the most terrible weapon of destruction man has devised, but it undoubtedly hastened the surrender. The two events followed each other so closely that posterity will treat them as one. They have shown that where war is waged by the explosion of atomic energy and the people attacked haven't adequate defence weapons or are taken by surprise the result is immediate and crushing defeat.

So as we rejoiced in the victory over Japan, we stood in awe when we contemplated the potentialities of this new source of power. At the moment of complete military victory we found ourselves bombed into a new—a strange world.

True, the surrender of Japan completed the victory over the tyrant nations. But that victory must now be viewed in the light of a new discovery. On the cessation of hostilities the words "total victory" were on the lips of many persons. Particularly was this true in the United States, which is quite understandable as they bore the brunt of the battle against Japan. It was their special show and many felt that military victory over Japan meant total victory.

Yet it was an American who took the lead in giving the events a different interpretation. James M. Byrnes, U. S. Secretary of States, gave little cause for exultation and provided us with sobering thoughts when he said: "So we come to a second phase of our war against Japan—what might be called the spiritual disarmament of the people

of that nation—to make them want peace instead of war."

These remarks can very appropriately be extended to include Germany and what remains of Fascism in Italy—indeed to every place where similar thoughts still direct human actions. Free man is now entering the second phase of the war against aggression and tyranny. The spiritual disarmament must extend to the whole of mankind. It means, as Mr. Byrnes says, "hard and long toil" and we must cease talking glibly about winning the peace.

When the effects of the atomic bomb and the end of the war in Japan were announced, my mind unconsciously went back to President Roosevelt's four Freedoms. I thought of the last one—Freedom from fear. I asked myself: Have we freedom from fear?

The atomic bomb gives rise to a negative answer. No responsible leader, military or civil, has so far stated that there won't be another war. There is much more doubt and fear now in the minds of leaders and the public than after the last war. The atomic bomb is largely responsible for this.

A few days after the end of hostilities in Japan Air Chief Marshall Harris, commander-in-chief of the R. A. F. Bomber Command, was asked whether the atomic bomb would end wars. He is reported to have replied: "No; wars will not end till that in the mind or in the heart of man, which causes wars, changes."

We shudder as we contemplate what may happen. So general is this fear that means have been suggested to meet the danger, and articles and editorials written under headings such as: "Fear is Gripping People." But as the possibilities for good are as illimitable as for evil, others have given the discovery a twofold interpretation. It can be summed up as follows: The controlled release of atomic power will

bring Paradise on Earth or Hell—and if it should become uncontrolled, total destruction of this planet will follow.

The means suggested to meet the danger invite comment. We read and hear remarks such as: "the discovery must be kept a secret"—"such weapons must not exist"—"the World Security Organization must prohibit its manufacture."

It seems to me that this is the wrong approach. Little is gained in trying to keep anything secret which is of value either for good or evil.

Prof. J. D. Bernal, a British scientist, writing in *The New Statesman and Nation* under the heading: "New Frontier of Mind" discusses the effect on society of the use of atomic power and adopts a view quite contrary to that of the alarmists. He frankly admits that "we can only see a very small fraction of the possible application of atomic energy" but maintains that in general research and in frank discussion of the new frontier lies "the way out of the very horror and apprehension that the atomic bomb has created." This scientist insists that the maintenance of secrecy is doubly disastrous in that it slows down progress for useful purposes and creates suspicion and fear. He quotes the timely warning of Sir James Chadwick: "The fundamental principles involved in the atom bomb are so widely known that it is only a matter of time before every country even without learning the British and United States secrets, develops a similar bomb."

The conclusion reached by Prof. Bernal is portentous and brutally frank: "The democratic countries have finished their first task of liberating all countries from domination by reactionary forces. . . They will need all their intelligence and political wisdom from now on to conquer themselves."

The best summation in Canada, that I have come across, of what appears to be the only safe way to meet the danger, is to be found in an editorial in the *Winnipeg Free Press* under the

caption: "Misdirected Fright." Instead of placing the emphasis on the bomb we should, this writer contends, dwell on the new responsibilities arising from its discovery. He concludes with this somewhat startling remark: "It is ourselves that we need to conquer and control."

And the word "ourselves", includes all humanity, collectively and individually; it applies to the Big Three no less than to Porto Rico and Siam, the group within the state down to the individual citizen.

We must approach this new source of energy from a positive, not a negative point of view. If research and production, except by nations in possession of present secrets, are driven underground present fears will be increased and not allayed. The potentialities for good and for evil are so great that we must go further than **into** the atom. (God has given our scientists the genius to do that). We must get **behind** the bomb to man himself.

Hanson W. Baldwin, military analyst for Life, in an article entitled: "The Atom Bomb and the War" recommends that the United States appoint at once "a commission of the nation's leading citizens . . . to study the technological revolution in warfare," and then reaches a conclusion teeming with significance: "It would be a happy day if such a commission concluded and could persuade its fellow men that this is one world and that man must establish a common brotherhood or die in droves beneath the atomic bombs."

This is getting very close to "combining the idealism of the Bible and the stark realism of the world." And in that realism we must include the mind and heart of man himself. Dorothy Thompson has truly said: "It is human beings who are dangerous . . . And all men are sinners."

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In my article in the June issue on V. E. Day I suggested that after V. J. Day we needed a V. I. Day, a victory over ideas—the ideas that produced totalitarianism, tyranny and then world



war. In this new strange world in which we find ourselves, I think we have to go further—back to that which creates those ideas which in turn create war.

We have entered the second phase of the present world war. Let us start with what we know and what we do not know.

We know that in the first, the most elementary stage in the development of the release of atomic power a bomb has been produced over 150 times greater than the six-ton super-blockbuster. At long last we have learned that this is one world and an exceedingly small one. We know that it is man, not natural resources and power, which is dangerous.

We do not know what nations may do in the future; history shows that solemn international treaties and engagements have in the past not been a deterrent. We do not know, nor can we begin to realize what are the potentialities of controlled atomic energy. We do not know what a head start, such as Pearl Harbor, may mean when atomic bombs are the weapons of destruction.

There is only one solution: mankind must look inwardly, eradicate that which in the past has led to war.

Every nation large and small must wash its international sins away and not create new ones. But even that is not enough. Prior to this war the United States felt, not without reason, that being non-aggressive and living in isolation in North America, they were internationally without blemish or fault. They soon discovered that it is not enough to be sinless if there are actual or potential sinners somewhere else. All nations must learn to behave themselves or else be "quarantined" and made harmless.

The same applies to the nation in

its internal affairs. It is not enough that social, religious and political organizations conduct their affairs in a manner beyond reproach if there are evil and disrupting groups all around. They all must adopt an attitude of brotherhood or be made to do so. In the final analysis the individual who, with others, moulds group and national standards, must restrain those desires and impulses which reduce his usefulness and at times make him capable of so much evil.

Through the two wars which have cost almost three score millions of lives a fundamental truth has emerged: evil anywhere affects goodness everywhere. From the explosion of two atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which cost over two hundred thousand Japanese lives, we have learned something else: in the new world into which mankind has been hurled evil may not only eradicate goodness but may destroy the world and itself with it.

But that need not create fear. We must have faith that in the Divine Purpose behind it all the soul of man is paramount. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." (Psalm 8) All forces, no matter how powerful, are here to serve man **at his best** and not destroy him and eventually this will come to pass. If mankind can have that faith it will not be difficult for it to conquer and control itself.

Free man has started on the second phase of the struggle. When the objective is reached there will be victory complete. Then mankind can have a V. C. Day, victory complete,—a "spiritual disarmament" when not only Japan but all nations will **want** peace and not war.

—W. J. LINDAL

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## *Leaflets*

By BERGTHOR EMIL JOHNSON

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### A FRIEND

When thrones and empires crumble to dust  
And palaces fall to decay;  
And glory and fame are covered with rust  
And the great are but earth and clay.  
There is something still that will reign sublime  
Through all, to the world's end.  
That will stand the test of strife and time—  
The love of a trusty friend.

### THERE IS A PLACE

Out in the snow clad country  
Out where the poplars grow,  
Out, on the trails of childhood,  
That's where I want to go.

Somehow the stars are brighter  
Softer the breezes blow,  
And truer the hearts of friendship  
At home, where I want to go.

### SUMMER AND WINTER

Autumn leaves of brown and gold  
Flutter in the bitter cold.  
Summer blossoms faded lie,  
Birds of spring now southward fly;  
And the grass is bowing low  
Getting ready for the snow.  
Clouds of cold now deck the sky,  
Summer's leaving with a sigh.  
And grim winter comes instead  
With his sure and silent tread,  
Bringing snow and frost and ice  
And the storms of northern skies.  
Still the joys of winter's cold  
Are not found in summer's gold.

### OLD HAUNTS

The pleasantest walks are those of old,  
The lanes where in childhood we played and strolled.  
The dearest places are those to which years  
Have bound us by ties of laughter and tears.  
That's where our flowers of hope first grew,  
That's where our dreams of love come true.

## *Canadian Auxiliary War Services Overseas*

By J. H. BJARNASON, M. B. E.

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Editor's note: Mr. Bjarnason is a Winnipegger and a veteran of World War 1 and 2. In this war he was a soldier of mercy in that he was of the select group of men chosen to provide recreation and comforts for fighting men—One of the early Canadian Legion supervisors to go overseas, he was awarded the M. B. E. last winter for his splendid services in this field. Prior to his recent return to Canada he was Force Director of Canadian Legion War Services on the western front—In this article Mr. Bjarnason traces the growth and development of the various services which cater to the physical and spiritual comfort of service personnel and gives the details of how it is being done in this war.—Picture in June 1945 issue.

In the early history of war there was little attention paid to the welfare of the fighting soldier. It was not until a strategic militarist discovered that soldiers could fight better if they did not have to carry all their supplies with them that the Ordinance Corps was brought into being. Years later other leaders added the Army Service Corps, whose function is to acquire the food for the army and bring it forward to the fighting lines.

Little else was done to provide for other wants of soldiers. It was not until comparatively recently that medical care was provided. This very necessary service was first provided by voluntary helpers, who wore as a badge a Red Cross, which has since become a symbol of mercy and help to all people in need in every civilized country of the world.

The value of the Red Cross was recognized and soon there was a new Corps formed, The Army Medical Corps, which now has grown to such marvellous efficiency, that major surgical operations are performed in the front line, and every method known to modern science is employed to salvage the lives of those wounded in battle.

### **How Services Grew**

The history of modern warfare shows that, the spiritual needs of fighting men were provided by voluntary preachers of the gospel. Their work was recognized and the Chaplain Services became a part of the Army organization, and is now an indispensable service; its members

often working in the firing line among the wounded and dying.

During World War 1 some effort was made to provide extra comforts for men on active service. This took the form of cups of tea and coffee dispensed by enthusiastic members of the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army. Their resources were limited and their personnel few, but in spite of that they contrived to reach the fighting men far forward on their way out of the lines. They brought with them such comforts as they could, chiefly dry socks and knitted garments, sorely needed by the troops.

At the outbreak of World War 2, four National Voluntary Organizations offered their resources to the Canadian Government, to provide welfare to the Armed Services. The Government accepted these offers and there came into being the following organizations, as subsidiary of the four national organizations: The Canadian Legion War Services Inc., The Canadian Y. M. C. A. Overseas, The Salvation Army Canadian War Services, and The Knights of Columbus Canadian War Services. Each one of these Organizations was granted a Charter and their members accompanied the first troops to leave Canadian shores in 1939.

Simultaneously National Defence H.Q. set up a department known as Auxiliary Services under a Director at Ottawa, an Assistant Director in the United Kingdom, and a liason officer with each Division. This new dept. came under the

Department of National War Services headed by a Cabinet Minister.

At the outset the funds required for the work carried on by these organizations were provided by public subscription, but the Canadian Government realized that the work was too important to allow it to shrink for the lack of funds so the complete financing of this very important work was taken over by the Dominion Treasury. The Organization representatives were taken on Army strength and were known as Supervisors.

### **Wear Uniform**

These men at first were attached only to Army Units, but as the other services developed, the Royal Canadian Air Force and later The Royal Canadian Navy. They wear the uniform of the service to which they are attached. Their function is to provide comfort and recreation to the enlisted personnel. There are now between five and six hundred Supervisors working with Canadian fighting men in every theatre of war.

The comforts provided are: the provision and maintenance of writing and reading rooms, tea car service, movie shows, concert parties, the organization of sports and the provision of sports and sports equipment, the operation of Clubs and canteens where troops are provided with clean beds and a homey atmosphere as well as good wholesome foods; often augmented by food items peculiar to the Canadian diet.

### **Movies and Bullets**

There is a Supervisor attached to every regiment or comparable formation. He goes where his troops go, and it is not uncommon to see a Supervisor putting on a movie show with mobile equipment right under the guns. Tea service, reading matter and writing materials are carried right into the front line. Rest Centres and Clubs are provided as far forward as possible and were established at Compobasso, Salerno, Naples, Alexandria, Rome, Cairo, Cal-

cutta, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp and Paris, as well as many more of a temporary nature in the lesser places. To date only temporary Clubs have been established in Germany.

In the United Kingdom many attractive clubs are operated. In London there are nine such centres; outside London there are clubs at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, Londonderry, Belfast, Inverness, Wick, Castle Archdale, Aldershot, Worthing, Brighton and many other points: all these clubs have been made as comfortable as war conditions permit. No effort has been spared to provide every facility for entertainment and relaxation to the men when they have a few leisure moments or are on leave.

It is interesting to note that the Canadian Services were the first of the Allies to provide for this need. The pattern developed by the Canadian Auxiliary Services has been followed by our great neighbour to the south, and their welfare services are now on a par with ours. The British War Office has adopted a moderated plan and other Allied nations have taken some measures. Details of the services provided by Russia have not been made public, but it is understood that they have a similar organization.

Like the Medical and Chaplain Services, the Canadian Auxiliary Services started as a voluntary effort, but is now recognized by the Army, Navy and Air Force as a very essential part of their fighting units.

The service rendered to the Navy is slightly different to those of the other two services. Where possible, a Naval Rating is delegated to the work on board ship. He receives a course of instruction from the Supervisor in Charge, while his ship is in port. He is provided with a mobile movie outfit and enough film to put on two movies a week while the ship is at sea.

### **Men Can Study**

He is further provided with a library in keeping with the size of the crew.



This library contains for the most part, books of recreational nature. Correspondence courses are arranged so that the men can study high school or University subjects. Examination papers are set periodically to determine the progress made.

Educational facilities are also available to the Army and the Air Force personnel, but here each service has set up an educational system headed by service officers. This is a fairly recent development, but is now a permanent part of the Armed service.

## *A Young Member of Parliament*



**WILLIAM BENIDICKSON**

Wing Commander William Benidickson, chosen to move the address in reply to the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament on Sept. 6th, is a former Manitoba boy. He was born at Dauphin, Man., in 1911 and is the

son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Benidickson of 303 Cambridge St. Winnipeg.

Mr. Benidickson graduated in Arts from Manitoba University in 1932 and from the Manitoba Law School in 1936. He then practised law in Kenora, Ont. until he enlisted in the R. C. A. F. in 1941. He was attached to the Air Observers School in Winnipeg for six months; thereafter he was liason officer between the R. C. A. F. and the R. C. N. V. R. at Halifax for eighteen months. He served overseas in Britain, the Azores and in Iceland; this time as liason officer between the R. C. A. F. and the R. A. F. On his return to Canada, he was appointed Canadian Staff Officer at Royal Air Force Coastal Command Headquarters, with the rank of Wing Commander.

In the elections for the Dominion Parliament held in June, Mr. Benidickson successfully contested Kenora—Rainy River riding as a supporter of the present government.

Congratulations to Mr. Benidickson! He has done very well, indeed, for a young man of 34.

## **The Icelandic Canadian**

**EDITORIAL BOARD:** Judge W. J. Lindal, Chairman, 788 Wolseley Ave., Winnipeg, Man.; Gissur Eliasson, Secretary, 890 Dominion St.; Steina J. Sommerville, 614 St. Mary's Road, St. Vital, Man.; J. G. Johannsson, 586 Arlington St.; B. E. Johnson, 1059 Dominion St.

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## *Boat Race at Oxford*

By W. KRISTJANSON

★

Rowing is the Queen of Sports at Oxford, and commands the enthusiastic and whole-hearted allegiance of the majority of the athletically inclined. At the grand climax of the Oxford rowing year, Summer Eights', the whole University turns out en fete.

Skill at rowing is not acquired in a day. The beginner finds it difficult to remember and to practice simultaneously or in swift sequence the numerous precepts: not to grasp the oar too hard; not to hurry; to keep the back straight; to kick properly; to keep the legs straight as the hands come forward over the stretcher and the blade goes back, dips, and catches on its "brick-wall", not to go too deep, and to feather properly.

Oxford freshmen who aspire to row practice on the river every afternoon, save week-ends, in the Autumn or Michaelmas term. First they are coached in a tub-pair, then in a tub-four. The final of this term's rowing is a college event, a freshman tub-four race, without benefit of coxswain. The exertion is undeniably heroic, but the event is not spectacular in the eyes of a trained oarsman.

After the Christmas vacation those whose interest and resolution have carried them forward into a second term of rowing may look forward to freshman eights' or Torpids. This event, which takes place late in February, is after the fashion of Summer Eights', inter-college bumping races, with six days of rowing.

Presently the Torpids' crews are selected. Every afternoon they practice, shine or shower, or raw east wind, or snow on the tow-path, through the wintry days of January and the muggy month of February. It is a steady relentless grind, calling for a goodly measure of grit and staying power. Rowing demands an all-out effort.

Near the end of January the crew enters on full training. Week-end movies only are permitted; smoking is out, and bed-time is 10:30. Basic diet is beef, and beer or milk. The crew dine together in the hall, and the members become acquainted as not before. A new spirit develops. A crew is being formed.

The process has been well described by J. Wells, Warden of Wadham College, where he writes, "To succeed as an oar a man has to learn to sacrifice the present for the future, to scorn delights and live laborious days, to work together with others, and to sink his individuality in a common cause."

Easter vacation is over; Torpids a stirring memory. St. Catherine's, against traditionally stronger boats, did well. Four bumps earned them their oars and so near did they come to their fifth that they were conceded their bump supper.

Now it is May and Summer Eights', inscribed in gold on the rowing calendar, draws near. Of the St. Catherine's Torpids crew, bow, two, five, and six have made the college first boat. The other members have rowed before.

It is a proud moment when the tub eight is put away and Charlie brings out the shell. What a beauty, so graceful and buoyant she would move at a breath! In this shell the supreme effort will be made.

The great week draws near . . . the great week has come, and now it is the sixth and last day. There are eight in the St. Catherine's shell, and cox besides, trained to work together as one. Now, on this bright and pleasant afternoon in May, there are the ten boats of the division, lined up along the south bank of the Isis, just above Iffley locks, one mile downstream from the finishing point just short of Folly Bridge. The boats are one behind the

other, one hundred feet of daylight in between, in the order of their finishing position the previous day.

The lively, expectant throng spills along the towpath: students; townspeople, and relatives and friends up for this gala week. Some carry crickets; coaches carry revolvers and blanks for signals to their boats. The college barges along the north bank between Green Meadow and Folly Bridge have hoisted their pennants and are broken out in a rash of decorations.

It is the purpose of each crew to go "all out" from the sound of the gun, and its object is to catch up with the boat ahead, and to "bump" it as quickly as possible. Then the two boats have finished for the day, one having gained a position on the river, and the other having gone down one. This goes on once a day for each of the three divisions into which the approximately forty entries are divided, for the six days of the Eights' Week, every May.

The St. Catherine's shell rides gently, close into the towpath, steadied in place by Charlie's boat-hook, and by the stroke's oar, that murmurs in contact with the edge of the out-rigger in which Charlie stands, and which is clamped to the solid face of the built-up embankment. Seven oars rest on the water, the inside curve of the French grey blade, with its magenta Catherine wheel, looking up to a blue sky and bright sunshine.

The camera man wishes to take a picture. The consciousness of this penetrates the tense expectancy of the waiting crew. Cox, Murray, turns roseate countenance over left shoulder and flashes his irresistible grin; "Skipper" White, now stroke, leans slightly forward and frowns. Perhaps it is the bright sun. Dark-haired Dean is at No. 7, head pushed forward, shoulders sloped, dark face and eyes expressive of the concentrated gravity of the moment. Goss sits bolt upright in "ready position," with arms at full length on poised oar. His whole bearing is the essence of self-confidence—Hold! There is a tiny

frown on that usually smooth brow, the famous twinkle is missing, and the jaws are firmly set. Redfern is carved out of granite. Fair-haired Gilbert Gunner leans over, right hand on gunwale. His face is frank and open. Weingold's hairy chest is exposed by an open singlet. It bears witness to strength that is latent in a body for the moment in an attitude of slumped repose. Number 2 sits with straight back. Through his mind there flits a recollection of zero hour on Vimy Ridge. Blom, in the bows, sunnily dissembles any possible nervousness. He will not be found wanting when the supreme test comes.

The five minute gun has gone, the rowers are getting ready; they adjust themselves slightly, they come forward—coach on shore with stop watch in hand ticks off the last eight remaining seconds for his own benefit—fifteen! fourteen! thirteen!—nine eight! seven—four! three! two!—Boom! Oars are dashed into the water, boats shoot forward, bows almost out.

St. Catherine's are going "all out" as never before. Once already have St. John's escaped their determined thrust, and thus maintained their place at the head of the division. This is the last day of rowing, and St. Catherine's last chance. Inch by inch they gain. Past Hell Fire Corner, past Haystack Corner, past Weirs bridge they sweep. The crew knows not where these points are, save dimly and by instinct, for each member has his eyes glued on the back of the man in front of him, and his mind is all on summoning up such surging energy as will lift the frail shell out of the water as the knees press down and the twelve foot oar churns through the solid water. Foot by foot they gain. Redfern at 5 is a tower of strength. His square jaws, and gaunt, steel-muscle frame bear witness to that. Through Baker Fours and Torpids he has come in his first year of Oxford rowing, and so have Goss, at 6, and Blom, diminutive Norwegian

embodiment of dynamic force, in the bows. His efforts are heroic.

Evidently Cox intends to make the supreme effort at the Free Ferry, before getting into the difficult waters of the Gut. Insensibly the distance between the two boats has been cut in half, and well he may hope to adhere to his plan.

Along the towpath, running, shouting, screaming, is the frantic, almost delirious crowd.

For the men of St. Catherine's and of St. John's the rest of the boats are as naught.

"Cath's! Cath's! St. Catherine's!"

"St. John's!"

Relentlessly St. Catherine's creep up. Crickets rattle. St. Catherine's guns begin to go off.

Just a few feet now.

The Free Ferry! Daylight has been shut out between the two boats. No! By Jove! St. John's have put on a desperate spurt with sweeping oars they pull away. And St. Catherine's creep up, and now actually overlap. It is now, or most likely never for them. They are almost into the Gut. They shoot!

They have missed!

A deep groan from some on shore, and cries of surging relief and intense exultation from others.

"Was this to be what the Censor himself came out to see?"

St. Catherine's hadn't been very far up, but it was the only thing Cox could do, and St. John's had manoeuvred very well away from the bump.

Through the Gut the two boats labor, pulling with weary effort against cross-current and choppy surface. But they have already passed Long Bridges, and

are under the Willows, and now they are rowing along the Green Bank. St. John's are half a length ahead, weak from their scare, but rowing well. St. Catherine's seem weary and dejected.

The course is beginning to shorten. But St. Catherine's have not given up; least of all Cox.

"Time! Get together men!" he barks.

A Lincoln blazer on the tow-path—'tis Lewis, who has been watching his college boat rowing over comfortably—turns to a St. Catherine's acquaintance with some remark about "cats" and "dogs," but his words are lost in tumult for just then Cox barks again:

"Give her ten."

Then the barks signify: "One—two—three . . . ."

St. Catherine's come out of their sickness, and respond with a spurt. Again they creep up.

St. John's cox shouts himself hoarse, but it is of no use.

Past New Cut and the Boat House, past Keble, Worcester, and Hertford barges they manage to struggle, but St. Catherine's are hanging on their rudder, crawl up abreast of cox, and opposite Magdalen barge they shoot—and bump.

"Well rowed, Cath's! Well rowed!"

"Jolly well rowed, St. John's! Jolly well rowed!"

Two exhausted crews—one utterly exhausted and dejected, the other utterly exhausted but gloriously happy, draw into the bank to regain their breath, and watch those rowing over finish their course.

This is the last day of rowing, and St. Catherine's have gone to the head of their division.

**R**EADERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our publication.

**THE EDITORS**



## OUR WAR EFFORT

### *Welcome Home*

Now that the war is over, and so many of our Service men and women are returning home, it is fitting that we extend to them a hearty welcome and sincere good wishes for their re-establishment in civil life. We rejoice with their loved ones in their home coming.

But, amidst the rejoicing there is sorrow and heartfelt sympathy for those whose loved ones will not return, and those that are broken in health and spirit. For them we can only pray God that He may ease their burden and give them strength and courage to bear their cross.

We humbly thank God for their safe return, even for those that will not come back to their earthly home, for truly they have come home in the fullest meaning of the word.

—G. F.



C.P.O. Norman Grimson



E.A. 4/c Ronald Grimson

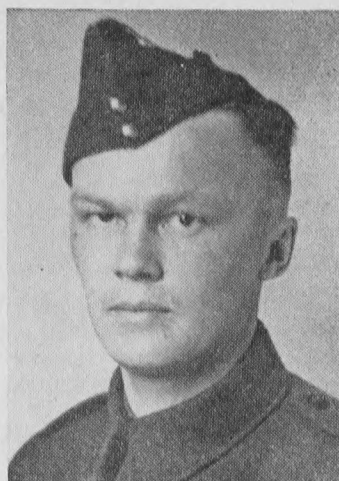
**C.P.O. NORMAN GRIMSON**—Born April 27, 1922 at Vancouver, B. C. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. Aug. 1942 as Electrical Artificer. After completing E.A. course in Halifax, N. S., he was sent to New York for a special course and received a Diploma from Sperry Gyroscope Co. Now serving at Gyro Base, Halifax, N. S.

**E.A. 4/c RONALD GRIMSON**—Born Dec. 12, 1923 at Vancouver, B. C. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. Nov. 1942 as Electrical Artificer. Received E.A. course in Esquimalt, B.C. Went overseas in April 1943. Saw action on North Atlantic with H.M.C.S. Gatineau. Drafted to H.M.C.S. Scotian for a course in Gyro Service Engineering in Dec. 1943. Is now serving in St. Johns, Newfoundland.

**SONS OF SIGMUNDUR & KRISTIANA (DANIELSON) GRIMSON, VANCOUVER, B.C.  
FORMERLY OF LUNDAR AND WINNIPEG.**



**Capt. Alvin Johnson**

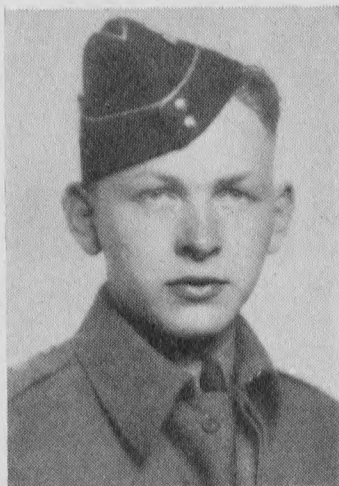


**Major Robert Johnson**

**CAPT. ALVIN JOHNSON**—Born at Cavalier, N. D., Feb. 3, 1910. Enlisted in the U.S. Army in July 1942. Served in Iceland and France. He is a B.E. graduate of the University of Saskatchewan and has a Masters degree from Blacksburg, Va.

**MAJOR ROBERT JOHNSON**—Born at Mountain, N. D., Feb. 22, 1922. Enlisted in the R.C.O.C. April 1940 and was posted overseas in May the same year. Was reported killed in action in Normandy July 22, 1944. He was a graduate in Civil Engineering of the University of Saskatchewan.

**SONS OF MRS. W. JOHNSON (GUDNY ARNASON) AND THE LATE SIGURDUR JOHNSON, FORMERLY OF MOUNTAIN, N. D.**



**SGNM. ALBERT JOHN FINNSON**—Born July 8, 1923 at Saskatoon, Sask. Enlisted in the R.C.A.S.C. in Nov. 1942 and has been stationed at Labrador. Son of Mrs. Kristolina (Finnson) Jonsson and the late Mr. J. F. Finnson, Vancouver, B. C., formerly of Wynyard, Sask.



**S.P.O. BODI (BOB) A. SÆDAL**—Born Nov. 6, 1917 at Baldur, Man. Enlisted in Royal Navy and served on the H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, (now the flagship of the Russian Fleet). Also on destroyer and covette with the R.C.N. Discharged July 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Agust Sædal, Winnipeg, Man.



L.A.C. Magnus S. Arnason



L.Cpl. Kristjan E. Arnason

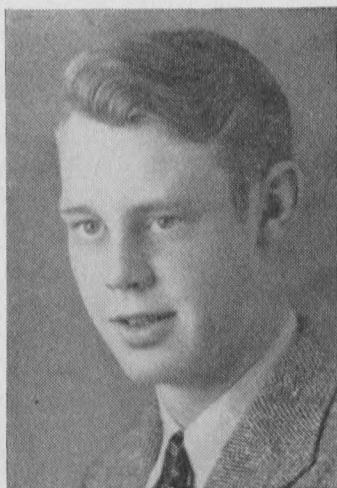
**L.A.C. MAGNUS S. ARNASON**—Born June 14, 1918 at Riverton, Man. Enlisted with the R.C.A.F. in Oct. 1941. Trained in Brandon and No. 5 A.O.S., Winnipeg, Posted overseas in January 1943.

**L.CPL. KRISTJAN E. ARNASON**—Born Aug. 4, 1914 in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted with Can. Provost Corps in 1942. Trained at Camp Borden and Petawawa. Posted overseas in 1944.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. MAGNUS G. ARNASON, WINNIPEG, MAN.,  
FORMERLY OF GIMLI, MAN.**



**TPR. JOHN B. BJORNSON**—Born Sept. 30, 1918 at Leslie, Sask. Enlisted Jan. 1942 in R.C.A. (Tank Batt.) and trained at Calgary and Camp Borden. Posted overseas in Aug. 1942. Served in England, Sicily and Western Europe. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Gunnlaugur Bjornson of Dawson Creek, B. C.



**S/1c LLOYD RALPH SIGURDSON**—Born Oct. 18, 1925 at Arborg, Man. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. March 1943. Trained at Cornwallis, N. S. Went overseas in Nov. same year. Served on Frigate "Monnow" on the North Atlantic. Son of Elias S. Sigurdson and the late Mrs. Jessie (Wilson) Sigurdson, Arborg.



**F.L. J. D. Duncan, D.F.C.**



**Gnr. W. F. Duncan**

**F.L. JOHN DOUGLAS DUNCAN, D.F.C.**—Born Feb. 25, 1923 at Antler, Sask. Enlisted R.C.A.F. July 1941 and posted overseas in April 1942. Received the D.F.C. in June 1944. The citation taken from a letter to his parents from Hon. C. Powers, Minister of National Defence, reads as follows: "This officer has completed many successful operations against the enemy in which he has displayed high skill, fortitude and devotion to duty."

**GNR. WILLIAM FINNUR DUNCAN**—Born at Antler, Sask., Aug. 10, 1916. Enlisted Jan. 17, 1941 in the R.C.A. and posted overseas in July 1941 and served in Italy.

**SONS OF MR. JOHN P. & MRS. ANNA (JOHNSON) DUNCAN OF ANTLER, SASK.**



**L.A.C. CHRIS JOHNSON**—Born at Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted Jan. 1943 in R.C.A.F. Trained at Brandon and MacDonald and embarked for overseas in August 1943. Now in England. Son of Mr. & Mrs. C. G. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.



**PTE. AXEL J. MELSTED**—Born at Arnes, Man., April 27, 1922. Enlisted in R.C.A. in April 1942. Posted overseas in Feb. 1943. Served in Sicily and Italy. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Axel Melsted, Arnes, Man.





**Spr. Jón Edric S. M. Lloyd**



**Pte. Francis C. S. Lloyd**

**SPR. JÓN EDRIC S. M. LLOYD**—Born July 12, 1926 in Calgary, Alta. Enlisted in the Royal Canadian Engineers in Aug. 1944. Now in training at Chilliwack, B. C.

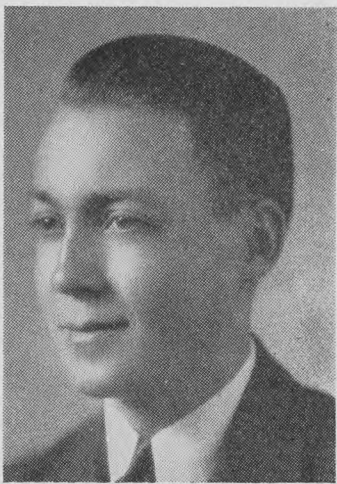
**PTE. FRANCIS CHARLES SVEINBJÖRN LLOYD**—Born Nov. 28, 1923 in Calgary, Alta. Enlisted in the Infantry April 1944. Went overseas Oct. 1944. Served in Belgium and Holland. Now in Germany, attached to the R.W.R.

**SONS OF HELEN M. LLOYD (SVEINBJÖRNSSON) AND THE LATE  
R. E. A. LLOYD, MIDNAPORE, ALTA.**

**GRANDSONS OF THE LATE MR. SVEINBJÖRN SVEINBJÖRNSSON**



**P.F.C. Oscar Arnason**



**P.F.C. Victor Arnason**

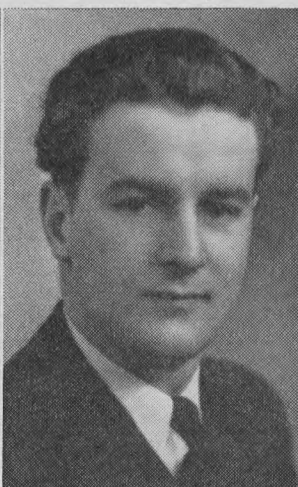
**P.F.C. OSCAR ARNASON**—Born in Silver Bay, Man., Feb. 28, 1920. Joined U.S. Army June 1942. Trained as radio operator. Went to England June, 1943. Landed in France June 1944. Now serving in Belgium.

**P.F.C. VICTOR ARNASON**—Born in St. James, Man., Jan. 25, 1916. Joined U.S. Army March, 1943. Trained in anti-aircraft artillery. Went to England in fall of 1943. Landed in France June, 1944. Now serving in Germany.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. S. ARNASON OF EVANSTON, ILLINOIS**



P.O. J. L. Wilkinson



L.A.C. Jack Wilkinson



P.O. E. T. Wilkinson

**P.O. JOSEPH L. WILKINSON**—Born at Gimli, Man., Dec. 23, 1920. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Jan. 1942. Trained at Brandon, Saskatoon, Prince Albert. Posted overseas early in 1943. Was reported missing Jan. 1944, and reported prisoner of war in Feb. 1944. He was repatriated to England in May 1945, arrived in Canada in June 1945.

**L.A.C. JACK WILKINSON**—Born in Winnipeg, Man., April 1919. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. as a Radio Technician, April 1942—Trained at Toronto, Montreal and Clinton, Ont. Posted overseas in March 1943, served in England, returning to Canada in July 1944. At present stationed at Vancouver, B. C.

**P.O. EINAR T. (BUSTER) WILKINSON**—Born at Gimli, Man., Feb. 9, 1916. Went to England and enlisted in the R.A.F. in May 1939 and received his commission in Sept. 1939. Reported missing on operations Feb. 14, 1941 and later presumed killed.

**SONS OF WALTER J. AND KARIN (PETERSON) WILKINSON OF CANORA, SASK.**

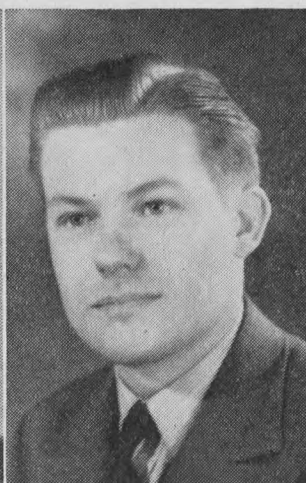


## In Memoriam

★

### F.O. OSCAR G. SOLMUNDSON

who had served with the R.C.A.F. since August 1940 lost his life while on anti-submarine patrol out of Iceland in April 1945. His remains were found near the Vestman Islands, and buried at sea.



L.A.C. B. V. Solmundson

Cpl. M. S. Solmundson

Bdr. J. T. Solmundson

**L.A.C. BEN V. SOLMUNDSON**—Born at Gimli, Man., Dec. 25, 1919. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. April 1942. Trained at Toronto, McGill University and Clinton. Posted overseas in Dec. 1942. Served in Ireland and England on a bomber squadron. Returned to Canada in July 1945 and has recently been discharged.

**CPL. MARVIN S. SOLMUNDSON**—Born at Gimli, Man., Feb. 4, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Dec. 1941. Served at Brandon, Trenton, Calgary and Edmonton. Was honorably discharged in March 1945.

**BDR. JOSEPH T. SOLMUNDSON**—Born at Gimli, Man., Nov. 15, 1916. Enlisted in the R.C.A. Aug. 1942. Trained at Shilo and the West coast. Posted overseas in Nov. 1944. Served in England, France, Belgium and Holland. Returned to Canada July 1945 and is now stationed at Fort Osborne, Man.

**SONS OF MR. AND MRS. GUDMUNDUR E. SOLMUNDSON, GIMLI, MAN.**

## In Memoriam

★

### TPR. VICTOR TH. M. PALSSON

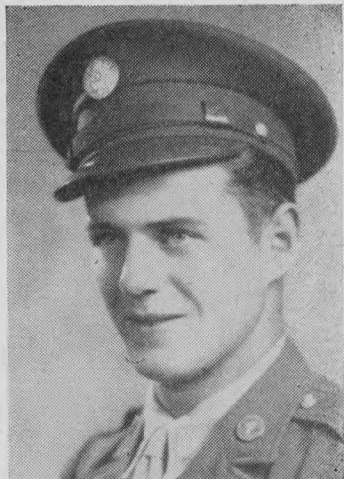
Born at Arborg, Man., May 24, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A. (Tank Battalion) in June 1940. Trained at Calgary and Camp Borden. Posted overseas in June 1941. Served in England, Dieppe, and was reported killed in action in Italy on Oct. 1, 1943.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Palsson,  
Arras, B. C.





M. Wesley Samson



Cpl. Glenn W. Samson



C/N Wanda L. Samson



S. 2/c Lyle J. Samson

**M. WESLEY SAMSON**—Born Apr. 13, 1920 at Edinburg N. D. Entered U. S. Army Air Corps Feb. 1942. Trained at Sheppard Field, Tex., Greenville, S.C., and Willow Run before going overseas in Sept. 1942. Was tail gunner in B-24 when wounded in Jan. 1943. Hospitalized till June 1944, when he was given a disability discharge. He was awarded the Purple Heart and Distinguished Flying Cross. Is now a rehabilitation student at the Agricultural College in Fargo, N. Dak.

**CPL. GLENN W. SAMSON**—Born June 10, 1921 at Edinburg, N. Dak. Entered U. S. Army Air Corps in Dec. 1942. Trained at Miami Beach, Fla., Aero Tech, Los Angeles; Blythe and San Bernardino Army Air Bases in Calif. Went overseas in June 1944. Now on active duty as Technician in ground forces at an air base in the S. W. Pacific area.

**C/N WANDA L. SAMSON**—Born at Edinburg, N.D., Sept. 12, 1925. Enlisted in Nurses Cadet Corps in Oct. 1943. Now training at the Deaconess Hospital, Grand Forks.

**S2/c LYLE J. SAMSON**—Born Sept. 23, 1924 at Edinburg, N. Dak. Enlisted in the U. S. Navy in Feb 1945. Took basic training at Great Lakes Naval Training Station and at present is awaiting assignment at this station.

**SONS AND DAUGHTER OF MRS. L. J. SAMSON, FAIRDALE, N. D.**



**P.O. E. L. Hanneson****P.O. A. G. Hanneson**

**P.O. ERLENDUR LEONARD HANNESON**—Born at Langruth, Man., Dec. 18, 1916. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Sept. 1939. Went overseas with the 110th Sqd. in Feb. 1940. Returned in 1941. Remustered into aircrew 1943. Graduated as pilot in Jan. 1945.

**P.O. ARNI GEORGE HANNESON**—Born at Langruth, Man., Sept. 4, 1915. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Nov. 1940. Graduated at pilot from MacLeod, Alta., 1941. He is stationed at Saskatoon, Sask.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. JOHN HANNESON, LANGRUTH, MAN.**



**PTE. GORDON CLIFFORD STONE**—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 22, 1920. Enlisted in Royal Winnipeg Rifles June 1940. Trained in Winnipeg, Shilo and Debert, N. S. Posted overseas in Sept. 1941 where he served until he returned to Canada in July 1945. Son of Mrs. Margaret Stone and the late Mr. Thorsteinn (Stony) Stone of Winnipeg.



**F.O. ERNEST J. STEVENSON**—Born and educated in The Pas, Man. Enlisted R.C.A.F. April 1941. Trained at Rivers, Man. Posted overseas in Oct. 1942. — Completed two operational tours with the R.A.F. and a tour of instructions with the R.C.A.F. Discharged from the service in April 1945. Son of Mr. E. H. and Mrs. Kristbjorg (Egilson) Stevenson, The Pas, Man.



**Capt. Ward A. Shaver**



**F.O. Jack H. Shaver**

**CAPT. WARD A. SHAVER**—Born March 14, 1920 at Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C. Oct. 1941. Graduated in Medicine from the Manitoba Medical College in 1943, and posted to Camp Borden where he now serves.

**F.O. JACK H. SHAVER**—Born May 24, 1923 at Winnipeg. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. July 1941. Trained at Pearce, Lethbridge and Yorkton. Graduated June 1943 and was posted as instructor to Gimli, Man. Discharged in August, 1945.

**SONS OF MRS. LAURA (HALDERSON) SHAVER AND THE LATE  
MR. WARD SHAVER, WINNIPEG, MAN.**



**L.A.C. ELVERN EMIL SORENSON**—Born at Eddyside, Sask., on Feb. 2, 1916. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. in Oct. 1940. Is now stationed at Watson Lake, Yukon. He is the son of Mrs. Walter Paul and the late Emil Sorenson. Son in law of Mr. & Mrs. John Hanneson, Langruth, Man.



**F.-SGT. DANIEL J. EINARSON**—Born at Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 29, 1915. Joined R.C.A.F. July 1942, trained at Regina and Deseronto, Ont. Served as Link Trainer Instructor at Patricia Bay, B. C. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Ingimundur (Mundi) Einarson, Winnipeg, Man.



Sgt. Frank H. E. Wieneke



P.F.C. Ralph J. Wieneke

**SGT. FRANK H. E. WIENEKE**—Born in Winnipeg Oct. 9, 1922. Joined the R.C.A.F. Oct. 1942. Trained as wireless and radio operator at Winnipeg and Montreal. Graduated in Aug. 1943, and has been stationed at Rivers, Man.

**P.F.C. RALPH J. WIENEKE**—Born in Winnipeg Dec. 12, 1925. He joined the U.S. Infantry in June 1944 and trained at Ft. Sheridan, Ill., and Camp Blanding, Fla. Posted overseas in Dec. 1944, and served in Luxemburg, Belgium and Germany.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. F. HAROLD AND BELLA (THORDARSON) WIENEKE,  
OF DETROIT, MICH., FORMERLY OF WINNIPEG, MAN.**

## NOTICE

**TO ALL THAT HAVE, OR HAVE HAD, RELATIVES OF ICELANDIC ORIGIN  
IN THE ARMED FORCES OF CANADA OR THE UNITED STATES**

Though the war is over, it is our intention to continue "Our War Effort" section. This is an important part of our program and can be of great value in the future.

We therefore appeal to all Icelanders and those of Icelandic origin to send us photographs, (not snap shots if photographs are available), with the necessary information. The photographs will be returned as soon as the cuts can be made.

The information needed is: Name in full. Date and place of birth. Rank. Branch of Service. Month and year of enlistment. Where trained. When posted overseas. Where they served. When discharged. Name in full of parents. If the surname is other than Icelandic, then give the surname of the mother prior to marriage.

Address all material of this nature to G. Finnbogason, 641 Agnes St., Winnipeg, Man.



O.S. Carl F. Midford



L.A.C. C. S. Midford



A.S. J. G. Midford

SONS OF MR. & MRS. C. J. MIDFORD, SELKIRK, MAN.



Lieut. G. R. Kristjanson



Lieut. A. M. Kristjanson

SONS OF MR. & MRS. HAKON KRISTJANSON, WYNYARD, SASK.



The above pictures appeared previously in our June 1945 issue, but due to the names being incorrectly placed beneath each picture, we are inserting them again with the correct names beneath each one.



## *Snjolaug Sigurdson*



Winnipeg is known as a musical city. That intangible sense known as musical appreciation is at a high level.

The music season brings to the concert halls and theatres, the top ranking world artists, and as well, symphony orchestras and opera. Local choral societies perform classical and semi-classical oratorios and cantatas. Special mention should be made of the splendid performances of Gilbert & Sullivan operas by the High Schools and University students. All the above musical activities are well patronized and generously supported.

Winnipeg's "School of Musical Appreciation" is, however, in the Manitoba Musical Festival Competition, now in its twenty-sixth year. It is said to be the largest and most successful, artistically, in the British Empire. For three weeks in the early spring, contestants and public alike throng to the Civic Auditorium, taxing on many occasions, its four thousand seating capacity. Its contestants, numbering in thousands, range in age level from primary school room to silver haired choiristers. Every type of solo musical instrument, and as well, bands, orchestras, solo voices and choral classes in every conceivable combination, com-

pete for the yearly possession of a cup or shield.

Friendly rivalry exists, but no rancour, as the basic principle on which the Festival is founded, is, that the contestants, "Pace each other on the road to musical excellence."

The judges, almost all from Great Britain, are noted musicians, and highly trained in this field. At the conclusion of each contest, their kindly and thoroughly sound criticism is listened to with rapt attention by contestants and public alike, almost all of whom have themselves formed a conclusion as to the winner.

It seems logical then, that any musician who has won a high standing in Winnipeg must have musical talent of a very high degree. It is of one who has gained this honor, that I now write.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurjon Sigurdson, living until recently in Arborg, Manitoba, Snjolaug Sigurdson, a winsome, charming, young woman, has won an uphill battle to musical eminence as a Concert Pianist, Accompanist, and Organist. Uphill in the sense that first; her primary instruction in Arborg was very limited, and second; that the cost of her musical training in Winnipeg had to be met from her own earnings as a teacher, not always in a studio, but often by giving lessons in pupils homes. With admirable perseverance, she has, under the tutelage of Miss Eva Clare, now head of the Manitoba University School of Music, won the following musical degrees; Senior Piano, Musical Festival; Toronto Conservatory of Music (special diploma); London Associated Board of Music (highest marks); University of Manitoba (Womans Musical Club Scholarship). Further training recently under Stojowski, at The New York Summer School, broadened and stimulated her artistic growth.

Her playing, free from any affectation, is buoyant and masterful, guided by a keen intellect and true musical tempera-

ment. Thoroughly at home in all periods of music, her playing of Bach and Schumann is superb. Often heard at musical recitals in Winnipeg, her largest audience is the one that hears her from time to time over the networks of the C.B.C.

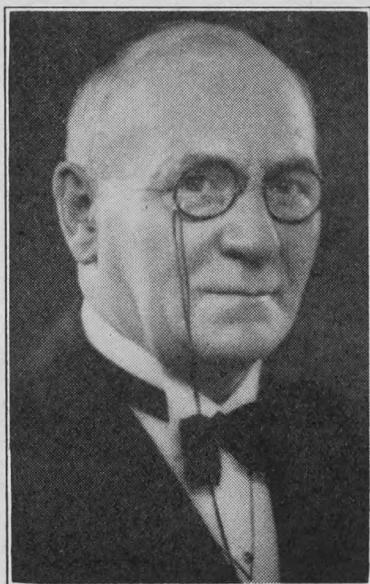
As a teacher, her pupils, who are consistent Scholarship winners, bear witness of thorough and inspired instruction.

She is held in affectionate regard by

the Icelandic community for her ever ready willingness to give her time and talent in its service. Her greatest impact upon them is through inspired playing, as organist of the First Lutheran Church, of the noble Choral Hymns. The response in singing, by congregation and choir alike, is fervent and devout in character.

A host of friends and admirers will watch with appreciation, her continued musical development. —P. B.

## *Ásmundur P. Jóhannsson*



At the banquet held at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, July 6, 1945 in honour of Ásmundur P. Jóhannsson, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the announcement was made public that he had placed in trust the large sum of \$50,000 towards the establishment of a chair in the Icelandic language at the University of Manitoba. Justice H. A. Bergman, chairman of the board of Governors for the University stated that in all likelihood this was the largest individual donation that had been offered to the university, revealing at the same time that this gift would become

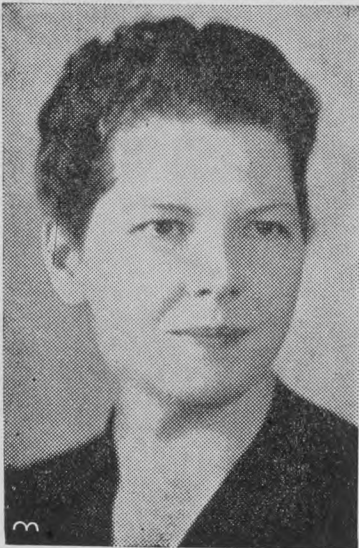
available when the balance of the stipulated amount required to support such a chair permanently was assured—The fund for which this amount has been reserved was begun several years ago and has been endowed previously by at least two liberal contributions. The sum still to be raised is in the neighborhood of \$100,000, a formidable figure to be sure, but quite within reach of a united effort on the part of all the people who are sincerely interested in the provision of an opportunity for the academic study of the Icelandic language. In augmenting this fund, in the substantial manner that he did, Mr. Jóhannsson has provided not only fresh impetus but a strong challenge for others to give their financial and moral assistance to an undertaking that is both importunate and paramount in the preservation of the Icelandic tongue, and the classic literature and culture to which it belongs, the study of which would bring new enrichment to our lives as Canadians. The Icelandic Canadian Club has a standing committee, which is eager to participate in whatever capacity it can render assistance in furthering this cause and invites co-operation from any individual or society towards the attainment of this coveted aim. Those serving on this committee are: Judge W. J. Lindal, Mrs. H. F. Danielson, Snorri Jonasson and Arni G. Eggertson, K.C. —G. E.

## WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Three outstanding organizations in Winnipeg have selected women this year as presidents. These women are:



**Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson**, president of the Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Author's Association.



**Mrs. Björg Violet Isfeld**, president of the Manitoba Branch of the Federated Music Teacher's Association of Canada.



**Mrs. Hólmfríður Danielson**, president of the Icelandic Canadian Club.



**Lenore Johannesson** was chosen "Typical Canadian Girl" by a three-man panel of artists in Toronto. She will model a cover portrait for the September issue of the Canadian Home Journal. Lenore is a graduate of the Gordon Bell High School. She will enter the University of Manitoba this fall. She is the daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. Konrad Johannesson, 923  
Palmerston Ave., Winnipeg.



**Margret Lillian Matthews** was "Cover Girl" for the July issue of the National Home Monthly Magazine, Winnipeg. — She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sumarliði Matthews, 1136 Dominion St., Winnipeg. She is the granddaughter of the early Gimli pioneers, Jóhannes and Bóthildur Johnson.

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### *Icelandic Canadian Evening School*

The committee in charge of the Icelandic Canadian Evening School has received many letters from readers of the Icelandic Canadian, commending highly this cultural project and requesting urgently that the lectures on Icelandic history and literature, given last season, be published.

We realize that these lectures would prove invaluable reading material for the public as this is the only series of this nature available. Furthermore, those contemplating organizing study groups along the lines of the Icelandic Canadian evening school would find the series an excellent text book.

We are pleased therefore, to announce that the lectures are now being published in book form and will be ready for distribution around November 15th.



**Tannis Thorlakson**, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. H. T. Thorlakson, 114 Grenfell Blvd., Winnipeg last year was chosen Freshman Queen at Manitoba University.

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The book will be sold at \$1.00, postpaid, and would be a very acceptable Christmas gift.

Orders will be accepted from now on; and those wishing to get a copy would do well to order early as only a limited number is being printed. Send your orders to: Mrs. H. F. Danielson, 869 Garfield St. Winnipeg.

The school will re-open in October, with lectures and classes in the Icelandic language. Those interested please contact Mrs. Danielson.



## VISITORS IN WINNIPEG

★



**Alda Pálsson**, a brilliant young pianist, and native of Winnipeg, was a visitor in Winnipeg a short time ago, enroute to her home in New Westminster, B. C. Alda's father is Jónas Pálsson, a prominent concert pianist and music teacher, and his wife Emily, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Baldvinson, Winnipeg. Alda first studied with her father, winning distinction in every musical examination. She took both the L.R.S.M. and A.T.C.M. with highest honors. As a result of outstanding ability she was awarded a scholarship to the Toronto Conservatory in 1943. In 1944 she was awarded the coveted Hazel Ireland Eaton piano scholarship, the Conservatory's top award. Recently she took her L.R.C.M. heading the class, and has been

awarded the gold medal for Canada. She has appeared in recitals in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Toronto, Gueph and Seattle, Wash., as well as in many smaller towns on the Pacific coast. She has also played many time over the C.B.C.

Miss Pálsson is at present studying with the internationally famous pianist Lubka Kolessa, now attached to the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Alda gave a recital in Toronto May 30, which was widely acclaimed.



**Mrs. Maria Markan Ostlund**, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Co., was guest artist at the Icelandic Celebration at Gimli, Man., August 6. Mrs. Ostlund was accompanied by her husband Geo. Ostlund and their young son Pétur.



## IN THE HALLS OF LEARNING



**Dorothea Margret Olafson**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Olafson, suite 21 Elsinore Apts., Wpeg., was awarded the Diamond Medal by the Business Educators Association of Canada for her work at the Success Business College of Winnipeg. According to Mr. D. F. Ferguson the principal of the College, Dorothy is the most outstanding student the College has ever had.



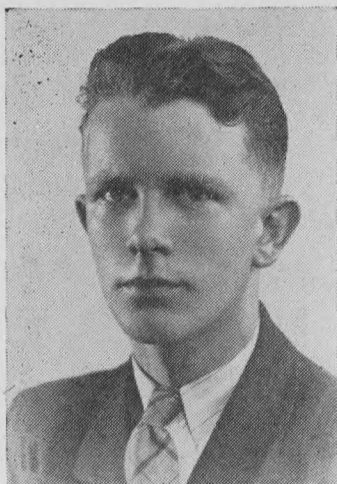
**Asta Eggertson**, daughter of Mrs. Porey Eggertson and the late Arni Eggertson, 766 Victor St., Winnipeg, received a Diploma in Social Work from the University of Manitoba. Asta is at present doing social work in Regina.



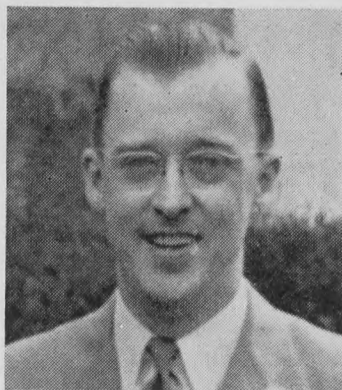
**Sigrid Margaret Bardal**, won the Coronation I.O.D.E. scholarship at the University of Manitoba examinations in June. Sigrid is the daughter of Paul Bardal, M.L.A., and the late Oddný Sigriður Bergson Bardal.



**Constance Johannesson**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Johannesson, 923 Palmerston Ave., Wpeg., 4th year student in Home Economics, University of Manitoba, was named head of the Women's Athletic Directorate.



**Sigurður Gunnar Norland**, graduate of the University of Manitoba. Born in Norway, Jan. 6, 1923, son of the late Dr. Jón Jóhannesson Norland and Mrs. Thorleif Pétursdóttir Norland, Reykjavík, Iceland. He is at present taking his M.A. at Harvard.



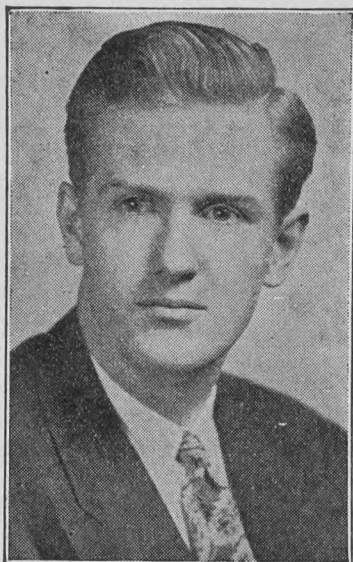
**Alton W. Moore** is a graduate of the University of California. He interned at the Billings Hospital, University of Chicago. He is now at the University of Illinois, working on his Master's degree as an orthodontist, taking the Browder course. Alton is the son of Mrs. R. Bushnell of San Francisco, Calif. He is the grandson of the early pioneers, Rúnólfur Eiríkson and his wife Guðlaug Árnadóttir, who emigrated from Eyrarteigi, Skriðdal, Suður-Múlasýslu, Iceland to North Dakota and later moved to Winnipeg.



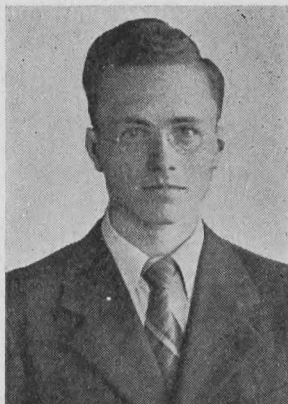
**Larry Thorsteinson**—the Radio World Magazine, Montreal, recently carried a picture of Larry Thor Thorsteinson and an article about the marvelous work he is doing on the radio. Larry was born at Lunda, Man. He is the son of Kristín Thorsteinson, Winnipeg, and the late Guðmundur Thorsteinson.

**Clifford Amundson**, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Agust Amundson of Selkirk, Man. At the Graduation Exercises of Devonshire Collegiate, Selkirk, Man., on May 19, 1944, was awarded the Governor-General's Medal (proficiency), a prize in languages, and a Dr. D. G. Ross Scholarship \$100. offered by the Lord Selkirk Chapter I. O. D. E. Upon completion of Grade 11 (1944) He was awarded a first Isbister Scholarship \$155. and a Rodger Goulet Scholarship \$75.

This past winter he has been taking first year pre-medicine at the University of Manitoba where he was awarded at New Year's a Khaki University of Canada and Young Men's Christian Association Memorial Bursary \$150. At Convocation this spring he was awarded an Isbister (Honorable Mention) and a Tucker Scholarship of \$200.



**Pétur Sigurgeirsson**, a graduate of the University of Iceland, who has been attending the Mt. Airy Theological College in Philadelphia, has received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology (M.S.T.). He expects to do further post-graduate work at Stanford University this winter. Pétur is the son of Sigurgeir Sigurðsson, bishop of Iceland, and his wife, Guðrún Pétursdóttir.



**Dick Beck** was awarded the Governor General's Medal this year. Winner of a Second Isbister Scholarship in 1944, Dick was class president in Grades X and XI, at the McIntyre Collegiate, Winnipeg; member of the Breezes' staff; on class athletic teams; an officer in the cadet corps; choir member; on track team, bowling team and curling rink; member of the opera cast; P.T. class leader. This year he is school president. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Th Beck, Winnipeg. He will enter Manitoba University this fall.



## *Letters to the Editor*



Long have we known that summer is the season of roses and flowers for have we not seen them blooming there in garden and hedge in all their beauty arrayed. But all the bouquets do not grow in these familiar places for they are not all of the soil; some are fashioned from personal kindness and woven from appreciative thoughts. These know no season. It must therefore be purely coincidental that the following letters to the editors from readers of the Icelandic Canadian, which belong to this variety of bouquets for they bear the unmistakable fragrance of the true compliment, have been received during the

summer months. From near and far have come letters which sound a new note of encouragement and it would have been most desirable to print as many of them here in full as possible, both in acknowledgement of them as well as in appreciation of their high regards. Our space is unfortunately so limited that only excerpts from a few of the letters received can be published here. The first one we come to is from His Honor R. F. MacWilliams-, Lieut-Governor of Manitoba. He says in part. "I was very much interested in looking over the last copy of your Icelandic Canadian with its photographs of all



the men and women who are serving in the armed forces and of those who have given their lives for their country. It is a highly creditable record for a comparatively small group of people. I was interested also in the article on the Twelve Year Republic. I had heard of this organization but had never read as clear and full an account of it before."

Our next letter written in Icelandic, is from the late J. Magnus Bjarnason the beloved writer of Icelandic stories and one of the pioneering schoolmasters of the early Icelandic settlements. He says: ("Ritið er prýðilegt í alla staði. Mér hefur þótt vænt um það frá því fyrst að það byrjaði að koma út") which loosely translated means that "The magazine is commendable in every respect. I have treasured it from the very beginning of its publication." From Murray Pippy comes the next letter which says among other very interesting things, "I confess that my first contact with the magazine was made only six weeks ago, but I make haste to add that the Icelandic Canadian has greatly intensified my love for Iceland and the Icelandic people". Another letter comes from Mineral Springs U. S. A. and begins by saying. "I have just spent three enjoyable hours reading the last copy of your magazine and can't refrain from telling you that your tribute to 'F. D. R.' is simply splendid. I doubt whether anything finer of similar length

appeared anywhere about our president." This article has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of other readers as is so well expressed in the following thoughts from a subscriber in Los Angeles. It includes a suggestion which has been carried out by our circulation manager. "Upon receiving my June issue of the magazine, which touched me deeply and which I think is a prize winning issue, I meant to write at once to show my appreciation of your gallant gesture to our departed and beloved president. I sincerely hope that you have sent a copy of the magazine to Mrs. Roosevelt, who would greatly appreciate it and it will be placed in the Hyde Park library along with the many other tributes."

It would be interesting for our readers to refer back to the June issue to reread these articles.

The editors are always in quest of new material and would therefore welcome enthusiastically articles, poems, stories of all kinds, and would indeed be glad to publish them if they were of general interest to the readers. Send in your contributions to any member of the editorial board which is eager to hear from as many of the readers as possible. Be there a few brick-bracks among the bouquets you can rest assured that all contributions will be kindly received.

G. E.

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## SONG OF THE SEA

By CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

"Where are you going, Sam?" asked Bessie impatiently, as her husband silently picked up his cap and walked toward the door.

"Out."

"Where are you going?" she called again, but the door had closed behind him.

Bessie's knitting needles snapped briskly, and the ancient rocker and scrubbed white boards beneath it squeaked protest at her vigorous rocking. Her eyes flashed around the spartan room—stern and clean as virtue itself, and no thanks to Sam Hamilton either.

That Myrna was a slut below the surface or she wouldn't have made such a mess of her life, running off to the Coast with that good-for-nothing Jim Platz, and then coming back with an eight year old boy to live on her parents after Jim got himself drowned. Most likely dead drunk when it happened too. And people did say that she neglected little Jimmy.

Bessie stood up suddenly and walked toward the window. A tall, wiry silhouette against the blue spring sky, her husband was walking away from her across the sodden prairie, toward the Malcolm homestead. His blue shirt hung carelessly from straight, square shoulders and he bent forward from the waist as if to push back a powerful wind. She realized that after twenty years he still walked to the rhythm of

ocean waves. It was more than a habit. The blood in his veins seemed to rise to the very motion that had for generations rocked Hamilton after Hamilton to a watery grave.

Bessie turned away from the window and walked stiffly across the room in her flat-heeled shoes. She gazed searchingly into the square bronzed face that looked back at her from the small mirror on the wall. Every other hair so sternly drawn away from it into a knot at the nape of her neck, was grey now. One of the first things Sam had said to her after she discovered that his words really mattered, was that her eyes were the clear, cool blue of the sea on a summer evening. Funny, she hadn't remembered that for almost twenty years. Too busy to day-dream. Myrna had brown eyes—not very big ones.

In those days nothing but the sea could have taken Sam away from her, and she feared and hated its fascination. At the end of each fishing season he had promised her to quit, and at the beginning of the next one he was out at sea again with his little white-sailed smack, coming home periodically, singing and whistling, with that happy, free look in his eyes as if he owed nothing in the world but his love to the sea.

Still, she had only been married to him five years when she triumphed and they moved to the vast, calm

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**HOLT RENFREW**

**PORTAGE AT CARLTON**

prairies, thousands of miles from the sea.

She glanced again at the broad, heavy figure reflected in the glass. Then she had been young and—handsome—Yes, she had been handsome—"Straight as a mast," Sam used to say. But she had never been softly pretty like Myrna could be. Myrna was the kind men fell for. Certainly Sam hadn't made daily visits to the Malcolms before Myrna came back.

"Guess I've done most of the farming here," Bessie murmured resentfully. Sam hadn't shirked. She knew that, but he wasn't practical. For instance, he had wanted to plant shrubs and trees on the site she had chosen for a vegetable garden because it was the best soil on the land. "Land sakes, Bessie, a pretty picture outside your window ought to be worth something," Sam had said to her. But she had won again, and the money from her garden truck had come in mighty handy each fall.

Bessie smoothed her grey cotton dress briskly and walked back to the rocker. Her fingers tightened on the knitting. Her needles caught the gleam of firelight and snapped it back in broken sparks. Sam didn't seem to think she had sacrificed anything because she had got her way. He didn't realize that skimping and saving and working like a slave just to keep him safe from the angry sea had stolen her youth away. He could only see that it was gone and there were other younger and prettier women to be had.

She stood up with an angry jerk. There was Sam's pipe tossed carelessly on the huge family bible that rested with undisturbed dignity on a small table. She snapped it up with strong, square fingers. Sam would never learn. Her anger deepened. He must have been in some hurry to get there.

But there wasn't a spark left in the pipe. It was empty and cold. That could have accounted for his shortness. It wasn't for the devil to live with him

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**Manitoba**

when he was out of tobacco. She always kept a package on hand to give him in a pinch.

This was the day old Malcolm drove to the village. Maybe Sam had asked him to bring out some tobacco. Bessie laid her knitting neatly in a work basket, unobtrusively tucked away in a corner of the room. She would walk over to the Malcolms and see if the old man had brought their mail from the village. Perhaps she could force a showdown with Sam.

When she reached the Malcolm home she went to the back door and entered a small porch. The door was slightly ajar. She raised her hand to knock, but heard voices from within and paused on sudden impulse.

"Oh, I love my sea shells," she heard little Jimmy say, "but it makes me homesick to listen to them. They sound so real."

"You're homesick!" Myrna's soft, drawling voice sharpened to a thin edge. "What about me? Forget about it, kid. You're here to stay. It's safer than the sea, anyway."

"But I like the sea," insisted Jimmy. "I want to be on a ship and sail way out to the edge of the sky."

Bessie knocked just as she heard Sam say, "So do I, Jimmy. With the wind or again it, it's a man's life."

"Come in," Myrna called indifferently

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and Bessie entered. She stopped short. Sam was seated at the kitchen table, his big knotted hand cupped around a sea shell, holding it close to his ear. There was rapture in his face. Close beside his chair, arm touching his shoulder, stood Myrna. She wore a soiled satin housecoat. Her face, masked in cheap make-up, was smiling down at him.

Sam looked up at his wife with a shock of surprise. Then defiance gleamed cold in his eyes. She had intruded on something sacred to him—him and this other woman. She winced at the hard steel in his eyes that she was not to penetrate. He had never looked at her like that—never before.

"Safe—safe!" repeated Sam flatly, "So is a prison cell, but a free man don't walk in there himself and stay there for the rest of his life to suit nobody.

Bessie looked from Myrna to Sam

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with cold fury in her eyes, but Sam didn't see it.

"What are you women afraid of," he said, his voice warming. "If the waves fold in, it's no wors'n the ground. What's God for, anyway? He don't stay locked in a book in the parlor. Think He ain't as good on sea as He is on land?"

Bessie forced her voice evenly through the panic within her. She wouldn't give Myrna a glimpse of her feelings. "I came to see if Mr. Malcolm brought any mail for us, Sam."

Sam stood up abruptly and picked up a bundle of papers and letters from among the scattered sea shells on the table. "I've got it," he said shortly.

They walked home toward the late spring sunset in heavy silence. Bessie tried hopelessly to separate her thoughts from her emotions, but this time her emotions fought their way blindly to a point.

"Sam," she said in a strained voice, "Why did you look at me like that, as if—as if I had no business in there? Is—is it Myrna?"

Sam looked at her in blank amaze-

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ment. "Myrna—Myrna! Are you crazy? Myrna!

Bessie tried to steady her breaking voice. "Well, it's not—it's not these dead, dry sea shells?"

"They're not dead," Sam said hotly. "The song of the sea is in them, soft with secrets I'll never know. But you've never understood. I hate this damn stingy way of spending yourself slowly till you're done, just half living all the time. But you—you just want to stay still and wait for the earth to take you. It's on the open sea I belong. With the smell of tar and the salt spray in my face I can think and fight a man's battle—but this!"

So that was it. Bessie's pain-shocked senses were tuning themselves to a new-found truth. It was still the sea. She would never get him away from it because it wasn't an outside force. It was part of the man, born and bred into his innermost being..

"Sam," she stumbled on, "I guess you have to go back to the sea. And I—I'll come too, because—well, because I have to."

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